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SWEDISH EROTICA

49

SALE TO MINORS PROHIBITED

A FILM REVIEW MAGAZINE

Featuring...
Vanessa Del Rio

ALL COLOR

There's an old cliche that says, Different strokes for different folks, but it's a lie. Sure, there are differences in the ways each of us take our fun and games, but only in the frills, the inconsequentials. When it comes to the basics, there is little difference between the longings of a farm girl and the reigning princess of the international set. Two films, **Priceless Collection** and **Country Girls,** bear this out.

Vanessa Del Rio, star of **Priceless Collection,** is the pampered inheritor of one of the world's great fortunes. She's never had to earn a cent in her life and has so much money that the income from it accumulates faster than it can possibly be spent, even by Vanessa.

Olga and Gretchen, of **Country Girls,** have little cash and hardly anything to spend it on if they did have any. Out where they live people grow their own food and watch the Northern Lights for their evening entertainment. Life for them is simple, unsophisticated, basic.

Grevhen, Vanessa and Olga, however, share certain common characteristics. All three love to feel hot cock in their mouths. All three delight in the feel of hungry tongues, preferably male, lapping away at their engorged clits. All three spasm in orgasm while having their cunt depths probed by hard cocks.

These are film stories, fiction, certainly. But the moral they make is valid. Women are women the world over and in every walk of life — and the way to keep them happy is to fuck them.

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FILM #1123:
PRICELESS COLLECTION

Vanessa has been lusting after Kevin's lithe young body for months, since they were introduced at a society ball. The introduction was a mistake, however, for while Vanessa is one of the leaders of the Jet Set and possesses one of the world's great fortunes, Kevin was one of the waiters at the affair. A third party swiftly informed Vanessa of the mistake that had been made and led her away, but the damage had been done.

From that moment on the thought of Kevin naked on her bed dominated her dreams and filled every waking hour. She wanted him naked beside her. She wanted his hard cock in her. She longed for the sweetness of his innocent tongue on her aching clit, soothing it to orgasm. And most of all she wanted to suck him, to feel his swelling manhood hot and hard in her mouth, to taste the muskiness of his spurting cum.

Vanessa's wealth made it easy for her to have Kevin tracked down and the secrets of his life reported to her. Kevin was an art student, a budding painter who supported himself by working part time as a waiter. He scorned the world of the ultra-rich and took their money only so that he might buy the paints and canvas that were his reason for living. She learned that he especially scorned rich women who loved to fuck for the sheer pleasure of it instead of establishing meaningful relationships with deserving men. And that was all the knowledge Vanessa needed.

With it she could lure this lovely young innocent to her bed.

The plot Vanessa devised involved transporting a major part of her art collection to Santa Monica, where Kevin lived, but since the cost was less than what would have supported Kevin for a lifetime she paid it out of petty cash. Then she sent an engraved invitation to Kevin, asking him to view one of the worls's great art collections, including paintings by old and modern masters that were not in any of the official listings. There was no possible way that Kevin could have refused.

What Kevin and the world were unaware of was that Vanessa's collection consisted only of erotic art by the great masters. Fuck paintings by DaVinci, Utrillo, Raphael and dozens of only slightly lesser lights. Granite statues would burn with lust before these masterworks.

Kevin was not made of granite. He never noticed Leonardo's incredible draftsmanship. He did, however, notice that the cock Leonardo had painted was being sucked by a beauty who might have been the double for his hostess, Vanessa del Rio. It was not by coincidence that Vanessa had chosen that painting as the last to be exhibited. Kevin stood before it entranced while Vanessa's hand slid up his thigh and caressed the heated bulge where his legs converged. Kevin was lost before he even realized that she desired him.

Vanessa knew a great deal about men, more than enough to realize that sucking him off was the surest way to get his total cooperation in what was to come. The fact that she was reported (and deservedly) to be the best cocksucker on three continents certainly did not harm her efforts. Kevin had been sucked off before, several times, but nothing had prepared him for this

ALEX
HALEY
THE GODFATHER Mario Puzo
Revolutionary Road Richard Yates

mind smashing, soul searing experience. Vanessa seemed to draw his cum out from his innermost depths in great gushing fountains. At the moment of his orgasm, while her lips were wrapped tightly around the base of his cock and her tonsils were expanding and contracting to caress his cock head, it felt as though a bolt of lightning had passed through him from asshole to cockhead and on out. His knees buckled and he gasped for breath, then fainted from the pleasure of it.

Vanessa brought him around with more of the same, interspersed with gentle sucks on his balls. Then, when he was once more awake and totally aroused, she settled back in a comfortable chair, massaged her own tits with a free hand and drew up her knees. Spread her legs wide. Kevin may have been innocent when compared with Vanessa, but

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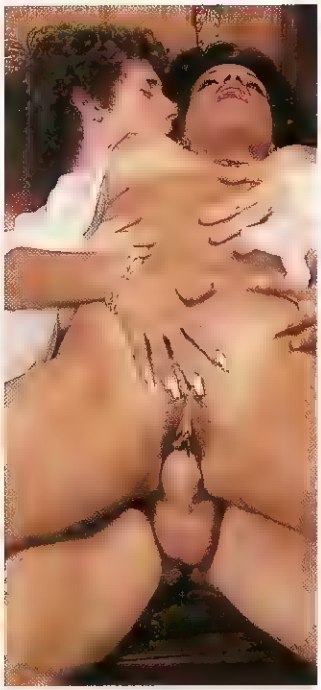
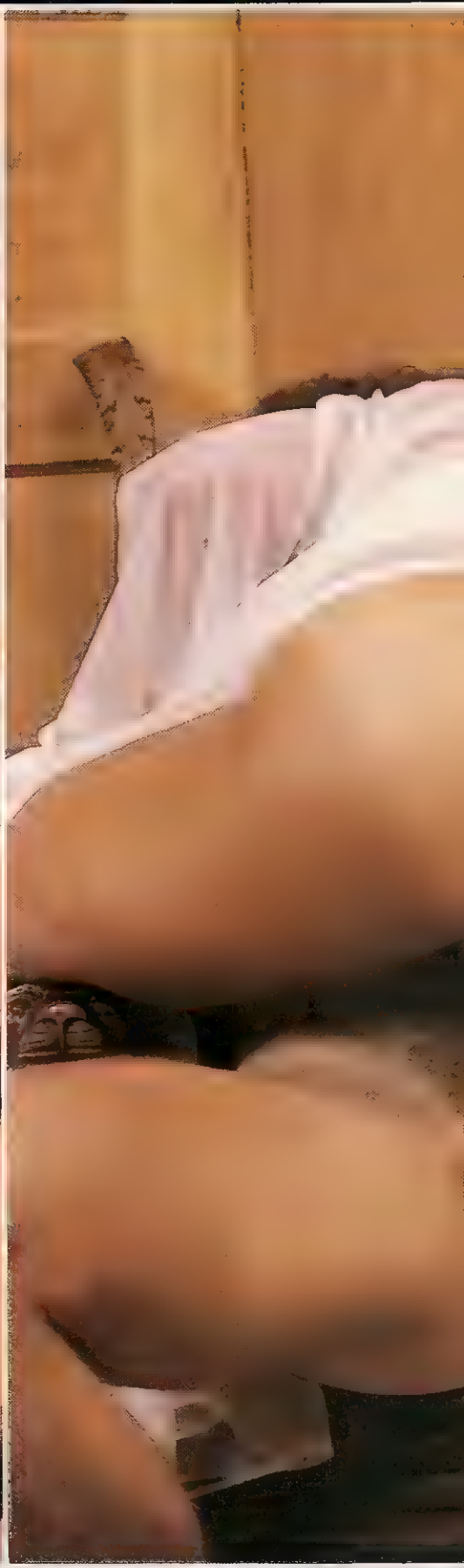
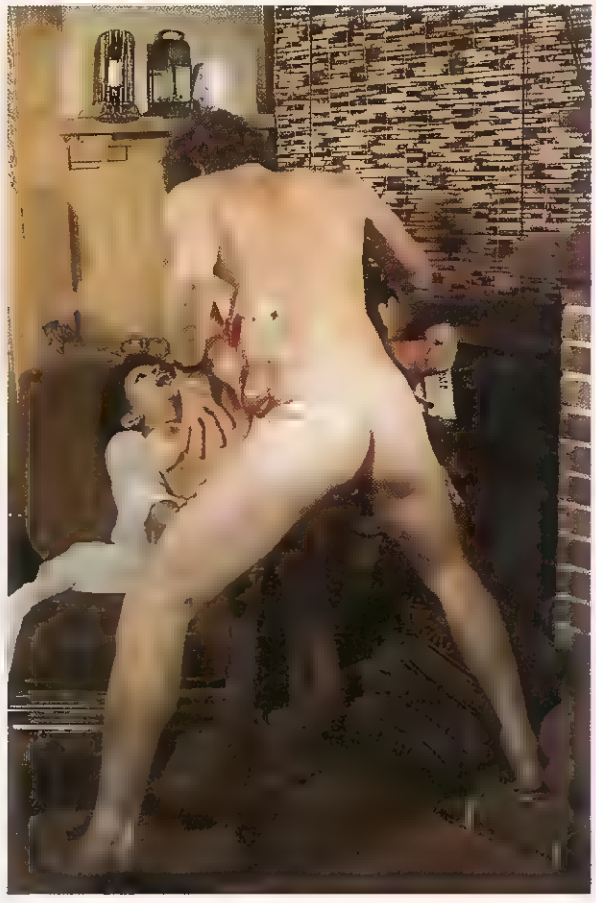
he was not a fool. He knew an invitation to eat pussy when he saw one and he was in no mood to hesitate. The memory of the incredible blow job he had just received was still fresh and he was about to do anything that might bring about a repeat performance. At that moment he would have given up painting foreveer and become a Jet Setter if he could count on being feasted upon occasionally in a similar manner. He would have traded his art for gold — and getting blown by Vanessa del Rio — had the offer been made. But Vanessa, with Kevin's hot tongue deep in her slot, was not thinking about anything except prolonging her pleasure. There was a puppy-like eagerness about Kevin's cuntlapping that pleased her immensly. Later she would take steps to have that talent available on a regular basis, even though she knew that his boyishness would not last. Eventually he would become jaded, even with her incomparable cocksucking and his own cuntlapping would decline in quality. Well, when that time came he cold always go back to painting.



The time eventually came when Kevin tired of eating her pussy. His tongue was aching at the roots and, besides, his cock was aching even more from the unrequited stimulation. Eating pussy was turning out to be far more fun than he'd ever suspected, but his cock needed treatment and the mouth that had done the job for him so splendidly an hour or so earlier was but a foot or so away and unoccupied. Shyly, Kevin asked Vanessa if she would suck him off again.

Vanessa had other ideas. This first encounter with the charming young waiter (real painters, to Vanessa, were all dead and well buried) had been planned to procede according to a set pattern and a return to cocksucking without a total fuck first was not on Vanessa's agenda. She explained this carefully to Kevin, informing him that, if he were still capable of erection, she would again suck him off **after** a fuck and **after** another good cunt licking.





These were words of pleasure to Kevin, who — even though he had been thoroughly blown — still had a burning need to jam it to Vanessa in every opening of her flawless body until he finally exploded deep inside her. What had gone before had been an appetizer, the waiter in him reasoned, but certainly not a full-course meal.

Holding her by her slim ankles, Kevin balanced Vanessa on the carved, curved wooden arm of the chair. He looked approvingly up and down the length of her sleek body. Then at the puckered asterisk of Vanessa's asshole. And now it's time for some dessert, he chuckled to himself.

Still holding her ankles, he spread his arms wide. The parted cheeks of

ALEX
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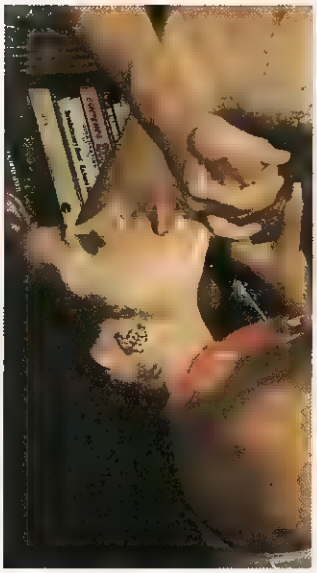
g his thick cock i
her tight asshol

impaled, her legs high a
apart, kicking futilely in a
effort to dislodge his
leaned forward more
sharply. His throbbing co

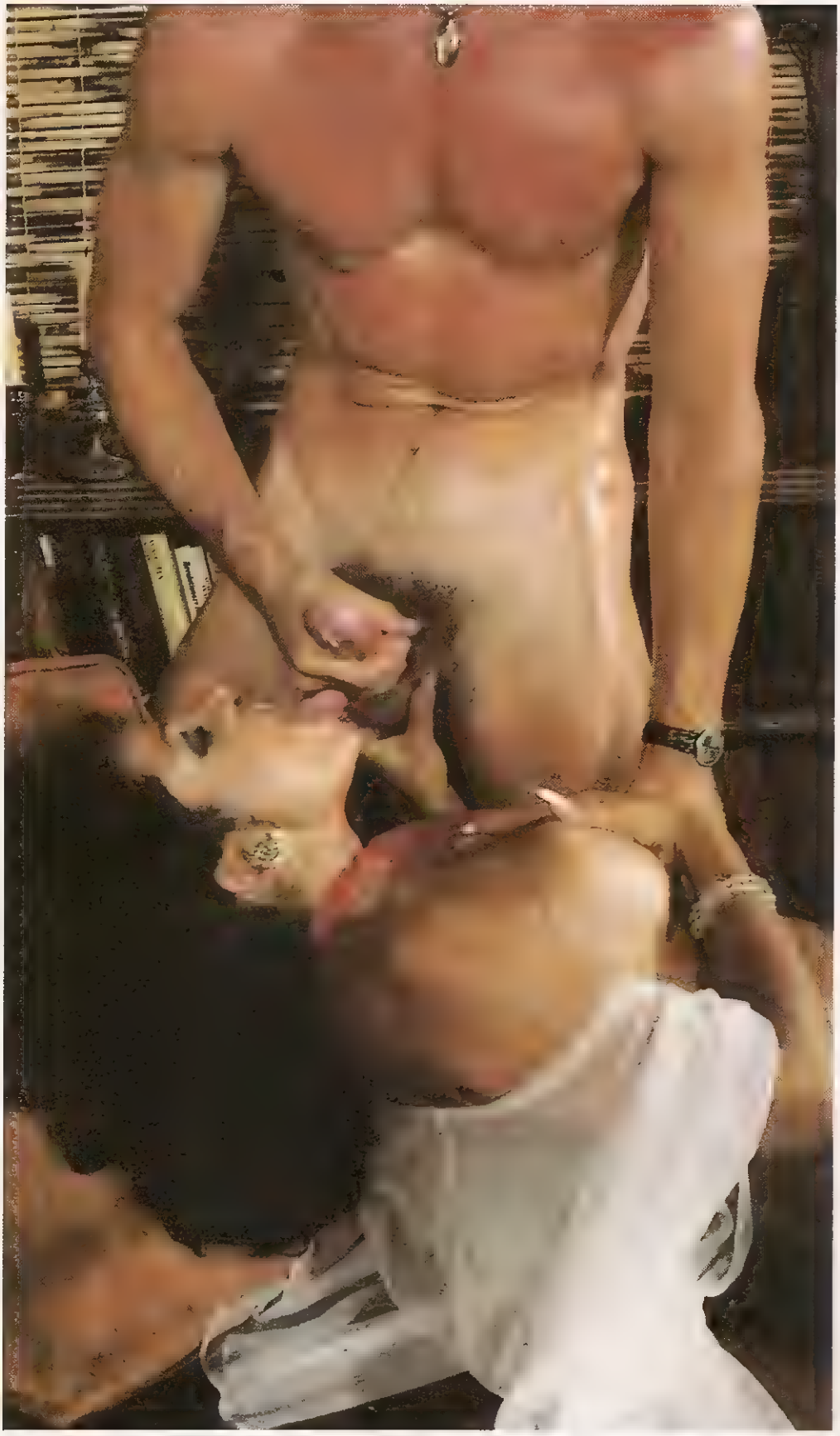
nuwabitch!"
him while



come!"

Kevin just laughed; but gave it one last lunge for luck, then slipped out of Vanessa's asshole and into her vagina without missing a beat. The sensation was so incredible, he thought he'd come then and there. Vanessa groaned in mutual appreciation.

Kevin was only vaguely aware that his cock was sliding into one of the world's most famous cunts. Many of the world's great men had feasted and sported between her thighs (and not a few of the great women). But he did not give a damn that he was being accorded a rare honor. All he knew was that the cunt was the tightest and firmest ever to grip his cock. The thighs that enfolded and caressed him wer the richest and silkiest. The ass beneath him had curves that would have aroused the divine Leonardo and, perhaps, even weaned him from his love of men. All that meant nothing to Kevin, nor did painting. He had something more glorious than art to devote his passions to. And perhaps the world would be better for his choice. ●



FILM #1124: COUNTRY GIRLS

Olga and Gretchen weren't lesbians, they were bored. Had a man been available they'd have shared his attentions, but where was the man they could share?

Sven was hiking through the countryside, thinking to himself that all this outdoor life was neat and a considerable change from the city, but it would be nice to see a pretty female face from time to time instead of cows staring at him from the fields.

Two luscious beauties

playing games with each other's pussies greeted his astounded eyes. Sven gasped, tripped on a stray chicken and tumbled into the chicken coup.
Sven had no trouble deciding how to respond. Besides, his cock made that decision for him. As he struggled to his feet, Olga, the blond, grabbed the cock that was dangling before her face and stuffed it into her mouth. Sven's cock got her full attention until he was gasping for breath and heaving like a horse that has just won the Kentucky Derby. It didn't hurt any that Gretchen was massaging his balls and running her finger in and out of his asshole. Sven took his cock in he own hand and guided it into Gretchen's cunt. Then, slowly and powerfully, he fucked her. His cock was thick and hard and hot and to Gretchen it was the most incredible thing

that had ever entered her. She'd been fucked before occasionally, of course, but those had been quick screws with fellow students at the school she attended. This time she was being fucked by a man, a lover who knew the power of his cock and how to deliver it. She shuddered in orgasm time after time before Sven's own passions overwhelmed him and he emptied himself into her.

There were more games for the trio after that. Gretchen took her turn at sucking Sven, coaxing him back to hardness so that Olga might enjoy his fucking. And Sven ate Gretchen's pussy just as he had eaten Olga's. There were also times when he rested as the two girls entertained each other, the thrill of those acts heightened by the male witness. As night finally fell on the chicken coop the three of them, sated only for the moment, laid their plans for the following day's entertainment. ●

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